

New York Schedule, January 15, 1954

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On Campus with Mac Shuman

(He has authored of "Bully Around the Ping Pong" and, "Goodbye Day with Chuck.")

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SMOOCH

Back in my swarming days (the summer and was all the rage, everybody was singing from *Warwick, Walter Day Day Day*, and young Shuman had just left *Caracas*), back, I say, in my swarming days, the standard way to melt a girl's heart was to write letters to her.

I don't understand why young men today have abandoned this gesture. There is nothing like poetry for moving a delicate girl. What's more, poetry is ridiculously easy to write. The fudge of college is useless. You can write a poem about a girl's hair, her eyes, her lips, her walk, her talk, her clothes—anything at all. Indeed, one of my most effective love letters was called *To Mabel's Feet*. But it went like this:

*In your dear little leatherette
pumps, too,
Are pearls of yellow and red,
And if you don't tell me you
love me now,
I'll tell you on top of the head.*

Honestly, I cannot see its effect, that this poem felt short of measure. Reading discarded, I wrote another one. This time I pulled a switch. I discarded *meant* instead of *head*.

*Oh, Mabel, your day this dried
And tell me you'll be mine,
For my sweetheart's they do dried
And what around my spine.*

*My heart still came on beating
My eyes would not close,
My line thus moving,
Now I made her a verse.*

When the heart-rendering ballad failed to win Mabel, I could only conclude that

she was cruel and heartless and I was better off without her. Accordingly I took back my 50¢ you, back my action, and turned and changed eyes on my class. And I found, she was working in *Calculus* as a *Pittman* line.

But I did not suspect Mabel long, for after Mabel came *Verde*, *Verde* of the laughing eyes, *Verde* of the shimmering hair, *Verde* of the golden *Verde*! Within moments of meeting her, I whipped up a torrent of *Verde* between her.

*Oh, my mind and dainty *Verde*!
I see you like a *Philip Morris*
With its mild and rich tobacco
In its white and world *Verde*!
I'd swim from *Lawrence* to *Verde*
For *Philip Morris* and you and *Verde*!*



Well, of course, the day girl wouldn't mind a poem like that—what girl would?—and she instantly became my date. For the rest of the semester she carried my books, washed my suit, and nursed my aspen. There is no telling where it all would have ended if the lady's been *dead*!

So, you, you can see the power of poetry. Try it yourself. All you need is a rhyming dictionary, a spell pen, and a second-hand nose.

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Let's drop rhyme and turn to reason. The reason *Shuman* has gone to the head of the class cigarette class is simple: better "makin'"—a *Shuman* that *Shuman*, a *Shuman* that *Shuman*. *Shuman*—from the mastery of *Philip Morris*.



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